

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE: INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

VOL. VI. NO. 43.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 303.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN.

EASTMAN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

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One week.	30	25	20	15	10	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Two weeks.	50	40	30	20	15	10	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Three "	75	60	45	30	20	15	10	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
One month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Two months.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Three "	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Six "	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY-1857.

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GROSVENOR REED,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business entrusted to me will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Residence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co. Mich.

J. B. MCNETT,

Physician and Surgeon. Dr. McNett is now permanently located in this village, and will attend to all calls in his profession. Office at the residence of Mr. Hiram Bean, corner of Washington and Water sts. Grand Haven.

STEPHEN MONROE,

Physician and Surgeon. Office one door west of J. T. Davis' Tailor shop, Washington street. Grand Haven.

DR. L. A. ROGERS,

Surgeon-Dentist. May be found during business hours, at his office, in Dr. Shepard's New Block, Monroe street. Grand Rapids, Mich.

CUTLER & WARTS,

Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, of all kinds, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Water street, Grand Haven.

ALBEE & HUNTING,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Corner of Washington and Water Sts. Grand Haven.

HENRY GRIFFIN,

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W. D. FOSTER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hard and Hollow-Ware, Iron, and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, foot of Monroe street. Grand Rapids.

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Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Muskegon, Mich.

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Manufacturer of Plows, Cultivators and Grain Cribbles, and Dealer in all kinds of Agricultural Implements and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal street. Grand Rapids.

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Manufacturers of Lumber, and Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shingle Bolts, and Shingles.

THOS. W. FERRY, NOAH H. FERRY. White River, Ottawa Co., Mich.

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Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, General Dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and Provisions, Manufacturers and Dealers wholesale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill Point, Mich.

LAMONT MILLS,

THOMAS B. WOODBURY, PROPRIETOR. LAMONT, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICHIGAN. Cash paid for wheat. 1263 ft.

OTTAWA IRON WORKS,

FERRISBURG, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICH. WM. M. FERRY, Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings.—Post Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

1857. CUTLER & WARTS, 1857.

General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

LET US BE HAPPY.

When the warm breeze of summer
Is sighing along,
And the birds of the forest
Make eloquent song—
Come let us be happy,
And cheerful and gay,
And throw the dark mantle
Of sorrow away.

The bright flowers open,
And scent the pure air,
And beauty is smiling
On everything fair—
Oh, let us be happy,
And never repine,
But smile with glad nature,
In the warm sunshine.

The hearts are wise only
That live to rejoice,
And lift with all freedom
The musical voice—
Then let us be happy,
And cheerful and gay,
And feast on the beauties
Spread glorious to-day.

The Man Over the Way.

When a man has no business of his own to attend to, it is notorious that he is very fond of meddling with his neighbor's. Old half-pay officers, naval or military, unmarried ladies of uncertain age and small means, widows without encumbrances—these and a few others, are the greatest meddlers and busy-bodies in creation. Young men of small fortunes and no profession are less inclined to sin in this respect; but they can scarcely be said to have nothing to do, because they generally have a frightful amount on their hands to perpetrate; and this keeps them so well occupied (ill occupied, we should say) that they have not so much time to attend to other people's affairs as might be imagined.

When I avow that I belong to the class of bachelors I have mentioned, a charitable reader will naturally conclude that I am a *mauvais sujet*. Such is far from the case. Positively, I am not aware of any particular amount of iniquity that can be laid at my door. I neither game, drink, nor keep bad hours, or commit other peccadilloes which go to swell the list of sins usually booked to an idle man's account. Perhaps I ought not to take too much credit to myself for my exemption from these little bachelor infirmities—because I am dreadfully in love. Absorbed as I am in this passion, I have no thought to give to dissipation—the idol of my heart possesses them altogether.

Lovers are probably selfish; they think of no one but themselves. I form no exception to the rule, saving in one instance—I have long had a terrible curiosity to know all about "the man over the way;" but I must be a little more explicit. I live in lodgings, as nineteen bachelors out of twenty do, unless they have chambers in the temple. The house at which my rooms are, stands in a narrow street in the neighborhood of Hyde Park. Exactly opposite, occupying a first floor like myself, is the gentleman concerning whom my curiosity is excited, and whom I have named "the man over the way."

He is a man apparently of fifty or sixty years of age, sunburnt in face, and with iron-gray hair. He is dressed always in a long brown coat, grey trousers and waist-coat, and a black neck-cloth of the old style—that is to say, two or three yards of silk swathed round his throat, as an Egyptian mummy is wrapped in linen. There is nothing very remarkable in the man's appearance, and yet he possesses a strong fascination for me. I cannot help thinking of him, and wondering what he is, and who he is, and whether he has anything to do with my fate; for, ridiculous as the last may seem, I cannot divest myself of the idea that this man is bound up in some mysterious way with my history. It is perfectly useless to reason with myself on the proposition and point out its absurdity: I believe, and I cannot shake my faith by any process of logical induction.

In consequence of this idea, I am become as curious (as far as this individual is concerned,) as any of the old half-pays, or maiden ladies, or unencumbered widows, I have mentioned. If I see a butcher boy with meat in his tray going near the house, I watch to see if he calls there, and wonder whether the meat is for the dinner of "the man over the way." If I see the man himself, reading, I wonder what book he has, and what he thinks of it. But beyond everything, I wonder what he thinks of me; for I am perfectly certain that he watches me almost as much as I do him.

And yet the reader must not suppose that I think of "the man over the way" so exclusively as to make me forget my adored Julia—far from it! I write to her every day, and the baker's man delivers my letters to the cook, and the cook gives it to the lady's maid, and the lady's maid presses it into the hands of Julia herself. The penny post would be more expeditious, no doubt, but also there would be no secrecy about it; and our course of true love runs not smooth, as a curmudgeon of a father has forbidden me the house, and commanded her never to think of me again. How foolish these old gentlemen are! Mr. Sniggles (that's the papa in question,) by his absurdly unreasonable conduct, gives pain to

Julia and myself, forces our correspondence to pass through three hands—the maid's, the cook's and the baker's man's,—instead of the more natural and proper one of the postman alone. As for making Julia forget me—talk of making the Ganges remount to its source, or Mount Blanc dwindling to an ant-hill, and you would be about as reasonable as in supposing that anything could shake the constancy of that angelic girl.

And why is she to forget me? What have I done to deserve such a sentence? The very head and front of my offending is that I have but two hundred and twenty pounds a year, private fortune, and don't belong to any profession. Mr. Sniggles declares that it is monstrous to think of marrying on such a sum, and I quite agree with him; but when I suggest the very obvious remedy of his doubling the income, he flies into a passion, and says that his daughter shall only marry a man who can support her, which means that he wants to make as cheap a bargain with her as he does with the hides and skins he imports; for he is a leather merchant—at least, I think so, though Julia won't allow it.

Julia is an only daughter, and has no mother; and although a very sour-faced old maid (her father's sister) lives with her to watch and protect, and bore her to death, we manage sometimes to meet in Kensington gardens, and such places. At least we used to meet; but alas! we were found out. That wicked old sour-faced aunt pretended one day to be going into the city to receive her dividends, (for she has a capital income,) and Julia naturally took the opportunity of dispatching me a note per the lady's maid, to meet her at our old trysting-place. We met—we must sit on our favorite seat—it is very private, and known only to a few. We talked—we—

"Ahem!" went a sharp voice.

"Ah!" shrieked Julia.

"The devil!" cried I.

"Indeed!" said the intruder, and the sour-faced aunt stood before us.

"My dear madam," said I, swallowing my rage, and determined to try and propitiate her—"Don't talk to me, sir; you're a base, deceitful man. As for you, miss,"—here she turned to Julia—"come home directly; we shall see whether you ever play me this trick again."

"May I fetch you a cab?" said I, wishing to find any excuse to be near Julia, and forgetting that we were in the middle of Kensington gardens, where cabs are not exactly to be found.

"Certainly," said the aunt, with a hideous grin of irony on her countenance. "Go and fetch the cab, sir; we shall wait till you bring it here."

From that day we have never met; we are obliged to be more cautious about our correspondence, and the baker's man's fees have risen in consequence. Things are getting unendurable. I have been trying to devise a thousand plans for winning Julia, and I can't succeed in framing one that looks feasible. I know no one who could aid me—no one whom I could sufficiently trust in such a matter.—Within the last half hour a strange fancy has seized me—to consult "the man over the way" about it. What can have put such an idea into my head, I do not know. It is not at all unlikely that the man will regard me as a lunatic, and hand me over to the policeman, if I call on him. I feel the absurdity of the whole thing, and yet cannot conquer the intense longing I feel. I must go to him, let the consequences be what they may.

I have been to him. What a strange interview! Let me describe it. I knocked at the door, and asked to see the gentleman on the first floor. The servant stared, took my card, and returned directly, desiring me to walk up. I entered the man's room, and stood face to face with him.

"What do you want?" he asked, with the utmost abruptness.

I never felt so awkward in my life. I fully expected a polite bow, and an inquiry—"to what am I to attribute the honor of this visit?" and I had prepared a neat little apology in reply; but the sudden and gruff, "what do you want?" completely upset me.

"I want—I wish—to consult you," I at last began.

"Consult me! I'm not a doctor, nor a lawyer, nor an astrologer, nor any other infernal humbug," said the man.

"I am aware of that," replied I.

"Then what the deuce do you mean by intruding on my privacy?" he asked; "go away, directly."

The last words were uttered very much in the style and tone in which people commonly address a dog who has misbehaved himself. I was very angry—though I began to suspect now, that I had no right to be so.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said I, in a rage, and I set down in the nearest chair.

The man stared at me in a way that made me think he contemplated suddenly seizing the poker and cracking my skull with it; but instead of doing so, he gradually sunk into a chair, and said:

"I rather like you now, young man. Sit still. It's a pity you have not a little more of that energy at ordinary times."

"What do you know about it?" cried I, in surprise.

"I know a great deal about it," was the reply. "I know that you are a weak, idle young man; whose only occupations are writing twaddling love letters, and exercising an impertinent curiosity upon my movements."

"As for the first accusation, sir," cried I, "I deny that I write twaddle; and I should like to know how you can speak so positively about my writing love letters at all?"

"And as for the second accusation,—your impertinent curiosity about myself," continued the man, "you say nothing, because you know you are guilty. We may differ in our idea about twaddle, sir; but I call comparisons of a young lady's eyes when crying, to violets bathed in dewdrops, the insane and most mawkish kind of twaddle."

I started—for, by Jove, it was the very comparison I had used in one of my latest letters to Julia, though I don't think it a twaddling one after all.

"How do you know the contents of my letters, sir?" I exclaimed.

"Letters that have to pass through the hands of baker's men, cooks, and lady's maids are not likely to have their contents greatly respected," replied the man.

"The deuce!" I exclaimed, wondering which of the wretches had betrayed me.

"However," continued my host, as if divining my suspicions, "you need not think that I get my information from baker's men, cooks, or ladies' maids. I never talk to such people."

"Then how?"

"That's my affair," said the man, interrupting me. "Perhaps you will now explain what it was you came to consult me on?"

"Really, sir," I answered, "you seem to know so many things, and in such mysterious ways, that perhaps you know my object as well as I can tell you."

"No, I don't," was the reply, "but I'll tell you all I do know. I know that you are an idle young man, cursed with a small inheritance—that you fell in love with the pretty face of the daughter of a leather merchant; that the leather merchant, like a sensible man, refused to let his daughter marry you, and kicked you out of his house"—here I made a gesture of indignation—"hold your tongue; I speak plainly and practically; that you were then dishonest enough to keep up a clandestine correspondence with the lady, and to have clandestine meetings with her; deceiving her father, and making her do the same, beside causing both of you to be the jest and bye-word of maids, cooks and baker's men; that you have been found out in your meetings; your correspondence suspected; the young lady closely watched; and yourself at your wit's end. Am I correct in my information?"

"Really, sir," said I, in surprise, mingled with indignation, "I don't know which to be most amazed at, the impertinence of your language, or—"

"Its truth, eh?" interrupted the man with a smile.

I gulped my rage, and before I could speak, he went on—

"And now I suppose, for I don't pretend to know this, that you have come to ask the advice of me, a perfect stranger? Pray, sir, is this the course of a sensible man?"

"It appears that I could not have come to a better man," replied I, "for you seem to have studied the case."

He smiled, and I saw that I had gained an advantage on the last point.

"Then we will say no more about it," cried he, "you want my advice? You shall have it. Give up all thoughts of the lady, instantly."

"Never!" cried I.

"Exactly," replied the old man—"precisely the answer I expected."

"Have you no other advice," I asked, for I felt hopelessly driven to depend on this odd being, who knew all my secrets by some mysterious means that I could not divine, but whose very mystery increased my awe for their possessor.

"Yes," he replied, "I have."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Work!" replied he with wonderful emphasis; and he spoke not another word, but, ringing the bell, he showed me to the door, and bowed me out.

It was a long time before I recovered from my surprise at the mysterious interview with "the man over the way." That he should know all about me and my affairs was only less extraordinary than that I should always have felt so strange a curiosity regarding him.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy," said I, quoting Hamlet; but I got no satisfactory explanation of the matter by such a quotation. The most reasonable supposition seemed that he must be incessantly watching me, and this made me watch him, and feel attracted to him in return. But the great point now, was—should I follow his advice?

And if so, what did the advice mean?

Work? what did I know about work, and how was my working to get me Julia for a wife? Certainly I had a dim suspicion that the old gentleman might mean that if I worked, I should improve my income, and so

be thus entitled to ask for her hand with a better chance of success than as an idle man with two hundred and twenty pounds a year. Rather a slow process, I feared; but what sort of work was I to perform? I had no profession; I was unacquainted with any art; I could neither practice law nor medicine; nor could I paint, or teach music. I could write poetry; at least Julia and I thought so; but I doubt whether "the man over the way" would call that work.

After three days of reflection, I determined to pay the man another visit.

"What do you want?" he began, in just the same tone as before.

"To work," replied I.

"Good," said he, "go and do it."

"But I don't know what to work at; I have no profession."

"Go and break stones," he replied; "the work-houses are empty, just now—the roads want laborers."

I turned away in disgust.

"Can you write?" he asked. "Of course you can, though, love letters. You have not the best hand in the world, but it may be improved. You had better get a situation as junior clerk in a mercantile office—no salary the first year, sixty pounds the second, eighty the third, and so on."

"Thank you," said I, very angry. "Even if I were disposed to do so, I know no mercantile houses in London."

"I'll get you the situation," was the reply. "And if you reject it, don't come near me again."

Who shall describe my feelings at this moment? To fancy myself a common clerk—me! the best dressed man of my means in town, the most refined in taste, the greatest hater of everything "business like" or common—to be a snob, a clerk, a quill-driver! On the other hand, to lose the strange friend, (if so he might be called) before me, or be unable to apply for his advice, to lose the chance also of gaining Julia—for I did think that this would follow my rejection of the offer—what should be done?

"If I accept," said I, after a pause, will you guarantee me?"

"Nothing," was the reply that cut me short. "I tell you to work, and offer you the means of doing so, that's all."

"I accept," I cried, in desperation.

The man took a pen, and wrote a short note, which he handed me to read. 'Twas simply a letter of recommendation of me, the bearer, for employment of the house of the firm to whom it was addressed.

I handed it back with thanks. He wrote the direction, and gave me the letter. 'Twas addressed, "Messrs. Sniggles & Co."

"Why," I exclaimed, "it is to the father of—"

"Exactly—so much the better; he will ask you no questions, but give you the situation."

He showed me out of his room; and when the street was reached, I stood still for a few minutes in perfect bewilderment. Could this "man over the way" have dealings with the devil, that he exercised so strange an influence over me, and seemed to guide as he pleased? And then, what could his connection be with the Sniggles family, that made him so confident of my procuring the situation through him? But I determined to deliver the letter, at all events.

The house of Sniggles & Co. was found.—Eugh! how the place smelt of leather. I asked for Mr. Sniggles, and was shown into his office.

"Good day, sir," said Sniggles, "glad to see you here."

The letter was handed him, which he just glanced over, and then said, "follow me."

He led me into the next room where three fellows were driving their quills with all their might.